



Wonder What Mertz Will Say Today?

Our Easter Opening Commenced Today

You are cordially invited and will be heartily welcomed. Buyer or sightseer, you'll catch the spirit of this bigger and better business.

This is a glorious occasion gloriously inaugurated! Every eye is on us, every lip speaks of this opening event.

The broad portals of our enterprise, generosity and zeal are flung wide open.

Our Prices.

Defending you against high prices has long been our pleasant and profitable duty—pleasant, because of the many thousands of men who have been benefited by our low prices—profitable, because of the great aggregation of small profits.

It has been one continuous warfare this fighting down prices for fine tailoring, but we win in every engagement. The people look to us for defense—we respond quickly—one of the links in the strong chain that holds trade here is the positive knowledge the people have of the genuine money-saving we give them and the thorough reliability of all our productions. Satisfaction guaranteed with every order, big or little. That means money back if you want it.

Mertz and Mertz.

Makers of Made-to-Measure Garments for Men,
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Why Wheeze?

If you suffer from Asthma and life is thereby made a burden, you will be interested in the letter printed below.

Tincture Amal Cures Asthma.

It has become famous as the only positive cure for Consumption, the medical report of Dr. Charles Drennen having proved that it actually does cure that terrible disease. TINCTURE AMAL is equally efficacious in curing Asthma, Bronchitis, La Grippe, etc. Read the following:

WESTMINSTER, Md., February 13, 1900.

Dear Sir: My wife had long been a sufferer from Asthma until I obtained for her TINCTURE AMAL, which has given her relief from the start. She is nearly cured and has had three bottles. Since taking TINCTURE AMAL she has been able to do all kinds of work and has been able to leave for Astoria. Before taking TINCTURE AMAL she could not go out if the weather was bad. I feel it my duty to let you know what I thought of your wonderful medicine.

(Signed) JAMES D. MITCHELL.

TINCTURE AMAL is purely vegetable, pleasant to take. All first-class druggists sell it. Interesting book sent free by TINCTURE AMAL MFG. CO., 11 West German St., Balto., Md.

ARE MANY INSECTS IN AUSTRALIA?

Nearly Ten Thousand Species Discovered on the Island.

From the Chicago Chronicle.

Professor Darwin once described Australia as the naturalist's paradise, and certainly it presents an ever-fresh and inexhaustible field for the study of the various branches of natural history. It is at once the newest and oldest country in the world, abounding with forms of animal life not to be found elsewhere. The insect fauna is extremely large. The characteristics of the numerous beetles, flies, wasps, butterflies, moths and other kinds of insects are so marked that European and American experts at once recognize a specimen from Australia. Insects with a world-wide range are comparatively rare in New South Wales and other portions of Australia, though there are a couple of European moths, delopha pulchella and danielis eripus, which are common everywhere. The distribution of insects is affected by that of plants. In the semi-tropical parts of New South Wales there is a semi-tropical insect fauna, but where the semi-tropical vegetation has been extended beyond semi-tropical geographical limits, there are found also the usual semi-tropical insects. In several places

insects found associated with some particular kind of plant in one locality will be met with upon some kindred form of vegetation in another. Thus the chalcid beetle living on the leaves of the Queensland bottle tree are found feeding on the curatunga at Wagga Wagga, in New South Wales. The Australian insect fauna is estimated at 10,000 species, but it is believed that the actual number is considerably greater. Of these the greatest variety is to be found in New South Wales, the scientific collections formed in Sydney and elsewhere being of singular attractiveness and interest. In the dry interior, but their place is taken by the beautiful dragon flies, often of considerable size; while everywhere during the warmer months of the year the ceaseless hum of the cicada reminds the traveler of a similar insect experience in Italy. Native honey bees are plentiful in many places and are easily recognizable by their small size, being little larger than the common house fly. Mosquitoes are practically unknown in the dry interior, but their place is taken by the sand fly, an equally mischievous insect. There are spiders of all sizes, a few being poisonous, but their webs are generally of a most fanciful character. The splendid appearance of some of the butterflies rivals that of the most gorgeous insects found in South American forests. A large butterfly known as the ornithoptera richmondiana has wings magnificently marked with gold, green and velvet black.

Most of these lovely insects are found in the damp, moist rivers of the New South Wales coast. Much attention has been given to the character of the colonial insect fauna by the Linnean Society of New South Wales, and the Macleay collection, now in the Sydney University, is one of the finest and most complete in existence. For those who wish to become acquainted with the insect fauna of the colony there exist abundant facilities for reaching the most favored localities, and a couple of months will suffice to form a collection which would constitute a valuable addition to any European or American museum.

The Manager's Disappointment.
From the Chicago Times-Herald.
"No, indeed," said the critic who had been hired by the great theatrical manager to read plays offered for his consideration. "Is the worst I have ever seen," and with that he contemptuously tossed the bundle of manuscript aside.

"Great David Garrick!" exclaimed the manager, "if that is the case why do you throw it away? The worst yet is what we want. Gather it up again and let—"

"Oh," the reader interrupted, "I don't mean that kind of worst. It's decent enough!"

With a sigh the great manager returned to his correspondence.

BEFORE THE CAMERA

Some Funny Things That Happen in a Photograph Gallery.

PEOPLE WHO TRY TO LOOK PLEASANT

Why the Operator's Life is Not a Thing of Beauty.

THE VANITY OF MANKIND

Written for The Evening Star.

The photographic artist's first sitter the other forenoon was a young woman with colorless hair, no eyebrows to speak of, a somewhat tarnished pink silk waist—brought to the photographic studio in a newspaper-wrapped bundle, and donned at the expense of three-quarters of an hour of time and effort in the dressing room, and quite an unbelievable number of diamond rings on her left hand. Her shoes were bulky and unpolished, but she was only going to sit for a three-quarter-length picture, and so the shoes didn't make any difference.

"The waist, of course, will be white in the picture," said the operator.

"Is that so?" inquired the sitter, looking quite-grieved over the information. "If I'd ha' known that I'd ha' wore something else, I thought it 'ud take just like it is."

"But color photography has not yet been perfected," explained the operator.

The young woman wanted a real literary picture taken, and so the artist posed her seated at an ornate table, in the act of reading Butler's "Ancestral Footstep." In this posture the left-hand, with all the diamond rings, didn't show up quite as well as the right.

"Wait a minute," said the young woman, and she dropped the book on the table and removed all of the rings from the fingers of her left to the fingers of her right hand.

"That is immaterial," said the photographer. "Gems do not show up well in photographs—they are generally the merest indistinct blurs."

The young woman was so disappointed over this that her countenance took on an expression of poignant misery, and thus she was photographed.

Knew What She Wanted.

The next sitter to mount to the artist's eyrie was an elderly dowager, with an extremely sharp hooked nose.

"I want a profile view taken," she said.

"Profile?" said the artist, looking somewhat doubtfully at the dowager's remarkably prominent nose. "Er—don't you—er—think a full or three-quarter view would be better? A profile, you know, has a tendency to accentuate and exaggerate any—er—any—"

"Oh, I know what you want to say, young man," said the dowager. "You mean I've too much nose for a profile. However, they're my pictures, and I'll take a profile. If my friends don't want a profile of me, they can get along without my picture."

The operator, thus crushed, photographed the dowager from a "profile" or "profile" point of view, saying afterward that there are plenty of people who sit before the camera who appear to take ghastly glee in having their malformations of feature magnified.

Too Pretty for Anything.

The next subject to mount the stairs was an exceedingly dolly looking young woman, very prettily done up in a new tailor-made dress. She had ideas of her own, one of which was that she wanted to get all of the dress into the picture.

"But full-length figures are very old-fashioned, and the face is necessarily made very small in them," said the artist.

The young woman gazed disappointedly at the nice hang of her skirt at the bottom. "Three-quarters would be pleasing," suggested the operator. "But without the hat—the hat would throw a heavy shade over your face, which I don't think you'd like."

The young woman wore a large decorative hat, and she pulled the pins out of it with manifest reluctance. She, too, looked dismayed over the way her plans to include the hat and the dress had been gently upset by the artist, and the corners of her dolly mouth were sadly drawn down in the negative.

"Well, I hope I don't break that machine of yours," was the greeting of the next sitter, a stout, gray-haired man, as he reached the top of the stairs.

A Part of His Business.

The operator, of course, had to smile. It is a part of the photographic artist's business to smile when this "break the camera" witicism is hurled at him—as it is about 7,236 times per annum—just as it is a part of his profession to look real glad and thankful when his sitter tells him that he is a perfect gentleman, or a perfect lady, or a perfect child.

"How do you want to be taken?" the artist asked the stout, middle-aged man.

"Oh, I don't care—suit yourself—just having 'em taken," said the man, who had chased him down here—hope I don't break your apparatus," wheezily said the sitter, again relapsing into merriment.

He was as rigid as a petrified man when the photographer essayed to pose him. Every muscle seemed to be tense and strung to the breaking point.

"Just ease up a little, please," said the operator. Whereupon the stout, gray-haired man fell into a posture about as easy, graceful and natural as that of a stuffed cloak model, and the negative made it appear as if he was in the act of being garroted when the shutter closed.

The Fair Debuts.

The next sitter was a tall, slender, poutish debutante, all done up in the rig in which she had made her debut, including the fan and white satin slippers—white satin slippers, in spite of the fact that she was only going to have a three-quarter picture taken. She was accompanied by six members of her family, all of whom quite properly appeared to regard her as the most lovely young person on the face of the inhabitable globe.

The young debutante, however, looked gloomy to the last degree.

"Why, Gertrude," said one of the fussy members of her family party, "don't look so dismal, child!"

"But I tell you I hate to have my picture taken!" she replied to the young woman, pettishly. "And I know my hair looks dreadfully—none of you took one bit of pains with it. You all want me to look just as ugly as can be."

Then all of her retinue had to surround her and tell her that she was the beautifullest ever, and that her hair never looked more glorious. All of the members of the debutante's party appeared to regard the artist with great suspicion, not to say aversion. When he made a suggestion as to the pose, they all negated it immediately, and they gazed at the operator as if they thought that he was more or less of an imposter and a confidence man, without much knowledge of the photographic art.

It would be simple and graceful if she were to stand with her feet spread carelessly from both her hands at her waist," suggested the operator.

Suggestions Galore.

"No, no, no!" said all of the debutante's party at once. "That is too conventional and common. You think of anything better than that?"

And they all looked at the operator out of the slants of their eyes.

"Well, she might stand easily and gracefully, with her hands clasped behind her back," said the operator.

"But that wouldn't show her gloves, and she's theatrical, anyway," said three of the members of the debutante's adoring family.

"Well, would not a sitting posture?"

"No, indeed," they all chimed in. "Gertrude's so beautifully tall that—why, there are lots of graceful poses in your show cases downstairs."

One of the debutante's adorners wanted to have her with her hands back of her head, with her eyes gazing up into infinitude. Another wanted to have her caught in the act of stroking a property dove. Another thought she'd look real lovely and modest and bashful if she were standing with her eyes cast down, gazing into the heart of a property rose. Still another thought she'd look nice and winsome if she had both of her hands held vertically before her face.

The operator wiped his forehead and let

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Think of walking into our store and buying such goods as we itemize below at ONE-HALF THEIR VALUE! Remember also our regular discount of 25% on everything in stock still holds. BUY FOR THE FUTURE. BUY FOR ECONOMY'S SAKE — BUT COME BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!

Half Price for Watches, Silverware, Etc.

Watches. Hurry, as there are only a few of these Solid Silver Toilet, Manicure and Desk Articles. Worth \$1. Choice. 29c.	Miscellaneous Bargains Handsome Cut Glass Vase, with sterling silver top. 75c.	Diamonds 25% Lower. We have made no advance in Diamonds to meet the advance in value. So our 25% discount really amounts to 50% discount on present values.
Men's 14k. Gold-filled Hunting Case Watches, warranted for 25 years' wear. American movements. Worth \$25. Now \$12.50	Men's Solid Silver Open-face American Stem-winding Watches. Worth \$10. Now \$5.00	Men's Solid Gold Shirt Studs. Latest patent. Sets worth \$2.50 for sets of three. \$1.25
Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting Case Stem-winding Watches. American movements. Worth \$25. Now \$12.50	Ladies' 14k. Gold-filled Hunting Case Watches. American movements. Worth \$10. Now \$5.00	Men's Solid Gold Scarf Pins. Worth \$1.50. For 75c.
Ladies' Open-face Stem-winding Enamel Watches. In blue, red and green enamel, with enameled pins to match. Watch and pin worth \$12. Now \$7.00	Two Men's 14k. Open-face Filled Case Repeating Watches. Like new. Worth \$35. Now \$17.50	1 Sterling Silver Tea Set, 3 pieces, of repousse silver. Worth \$100. Now \$50.00
One Gent's Elegant Solid 14k. Gold Repeater, strikes the minutes and hours. Worth \$175. Now \$100.00	One elegant Hall Clock, oak, mahogany case, slightly show worn. Worth \$30. Now \$15.00	1 Plain Black Opera Glasses. Worth \$5. For \$2.50
One Oak Hall Clock. Worth \$50. Now \$25.00	One superb Mahogany Hall Clock, silver, English movement. 8 feet high. Worth \$150. Now \$90.00	Men's Solid Gold Cuff Buttons. Worth \$2.50 and \$3. Now \$1.37
		Gentlemen's Sterling Silver Military Brushes, worth \$2. Each only \$1.00
		1 Marble Bust, worth \$45. For \$15.00
		1 Fine Onyx Table, solid brass frame. Worth \$35. For \$15.00
		2 genuine Bronze Lamps, Imported, gold finished. Worth \$15. Each \$5.00
		1 Large Crescent Brooch, 3 1/2 inches wide, containing 23 large diamonds. Superb and valuable at our regular selling price of \$250. Reduced to \$175.00

R. HARRIS & CO., Jewelers,

After April 1, 315 Seventh Street, next door to Wash. B. Williams.

tures like one of the squaws at a female Indian school.

Would Be a Jap.

Next in the order of sitters was a young woman, apparently from a local variety theater. She had driven to the photographer's in a cab from the theater, seemingly for she had a fierce amount of make-up on, which looked ghastly enough under the strong glare from the skylight. Her jet black back hair was done up in that unspeakable roll that has come to be known as "the Tattle Coughdrop twist." The young woman unbuttoned a long coat that fell to her heels, and there she was, in Japanese character, so far as the ornate saoten kimono went. She struck a couple of tiny fans in her top hair and was ready.

"Oh—er—is the hair at the back arranged in—er—Jap—Jap—fashion?" The young woman, surveying the young woman's rear hair.

"Well, we can pass that," said the actress, amiably. "It's chinky enough for me, and I ain't a goin' to have the back of my head taken, anyhow."

In Evening Clothes.

Then came along the inevitable young man to have his first suit of evening clothes photographed. He brought the duds along in a palpably new suit case and doctored them in the dressing room. Oh, he knew he looked just like Faversham when he mounted the stairs, all right.

"How will you have the suit—er—I mean, will you be taken?" inquired the photographer.

The young man had his first crush at school, and he had struck a Lord Algy attitude, and he was plainly considered almost too fascinating for words. The photographer smiled when he put his head under the camera cloth, but he negated the young man just as he wanted to be taken.

"I've often wondered," said the artist afterward, "why they don't just send the suit down by a messenger boy and have it photographed. That would save time and trouble, don't you think?"

A Cigar Looks Wicked.

Then came a soldier from the arsenal, accompanied by a load of sizable dimensions. The soldier thought it would be about the right thing for him to be sitting on the edge of a rustic gate with his cap pitched well back to show his curls and a large, somewhat broken cigar in his mouth.

At some expense of breath, however, the operator convinced him that while such a pose would be dashing and rollicking, all that, it might not be exactly the real thing for framing in his folks' parlor. The artist was unable to induce the military man to abandon the cigar altogether, however—the soldier insisted on holding it in his hand or he wouldn't be photographed at all.

"There are a lot of young men," said the operator when the soldier went out, "who think that their clutching of a cigar in a picture makes them look real—er—devilish."

Then the operator went out to lunch. "Nice easy profession—no patience or anything like that required in it, is there?"

"Whatever's in people comes out in them in a photograph gallery," was the photographer's way of putting it.

FILIPINO MOTHERS.

Their Ruling Passion is Their Love for Their Babies.

Cor. of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

She is like no one else in the world—this Filipino woman. From the white man's standpoint she is least like a woman of any feminine creature. She will work for you, sell you things and treat you politely, but beyond that the attitude of her life, as it is presented to you, is as inscrutable as a bolted door. You can get well enough acquainted with her husband to detect him cordially, but the nature of the woman is as hard to fathom as a sheet of Chinese correspondence.

It is never a common sight to see a mother, who believes she is alone, playing with her baby. A young native woman was making love to her first man child. The two were in the shack next to mine, but the windows were together. She had the little fellow in a corner and was kneeling before him in a perfect ecstasy of motherhood.

The baby could not have been more than several months old, and the mother was perhaps sixteen. She would bend her body far back, with hands outstretched, and then gradually sway closer, while the baby, very noisy and happy in his diminutive way, slunk back into the corner and showed his bare red gums. And when the mother swayed at last very near, she would snatch her naked bodice of brown babyhood and toss him into the air. And there would be great crowlings and strangled laughter from the infant, and low murmurs of passionate worship from the woman.

Then she placed her face close to the head of her son and whispered wonderful secrets into his wee brown ears—thrilling secrets in a voice strangely soft and tender, such as you would not think could come from the smileless creature of the river banks.

And then she came back. She snatched up the child and disappeared.

She bathes in the river unconscious of the passing white man, but he must not see the woman's love for her first-born.



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An appetizing, wholesome, satisfying lunch, consisting of sardines, cheese or any other relish and

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